

Chaos

by Grim Revolution

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Summary: It's the end of his world.

Chaos

There was chaos.

The ground was shakingâ€“water boiling. The Ary'hadz had been able to save his family and a few others, but the water was too hot, and he knew the others had perished. The sphere he was in was no home to a Pad'richey. Especially at his young age.

Two years old and the world was ending.

He could see it, against the sky. Black and swirling, maws opening wide, ready to swallow them whole.

"Ebulli!" A voice called from somewhere behind him, somehow heard over the yells and shouts.

But he ignored it in favor of watching fire race across the sky.

"Ebulli!"

Fins fluttering slightly, he turned to face his mother. "Yes?"

"Come with me," her small, fish like body was a silver green with long and glowing neon yellow antennas attached her skull. She was nudging her sphere forward with her side. "Now, Ebulli."

With a tired sigh, he followed her, swimming almost lazily in his sphere, moving effortlessly across the ground compared to her lurches. The blue feet of the Brahe'lyn ran around them, careful not to step on the balls of water. "Where are we going?" He asked her after a minute, when he realized that they weren't going home to his

father and sister. "Mother?"

"You are becoming a _Breviscutes_. Now, _hurry_â€"we don't have much timeâ€" "

But he had paused in the center of a stampeding crowd of feet, jagged mouth open wide. His mother turned back when she realized he wasn't following. _"EBULLI!"_

He snapped out of it and sped towards her and they continued on.

"B-but I don't know _how_ to be a _Breviscutes_! I'm a _Pad'richey_â€"" The planet trembled and a child screamed. "We're notâ€| we're not _warriors_!"

His mother turned to him, face stern. "You are my son. _My _son_, Ebulli'dentu. That is nothing light. A _Breviscutes_ is a warrior. But you are something more. Something different." She led him up a ramp, shoving inside her sphere to get it up the slope.

"Different? Different how?" He gasped as two hands suddenly lifted his little home upwards and he faced bright green eyes surrounded by blue skin.

"A _Miin'yon_, " the _Brahe'lyn_, said and he took in her soft though sad smile and white clothing. The symbol of royalty. He recognized them. The _Ary'hadz_. "You are going to be a _Miin'yon_, Ebulli'dentu."

"Butâ€| His large brown eyes blinked as he tried to comprehend what the queen was saying. "There hasn't been one of those sinceâ€|"

A baritone male voice interrupted him, and he looked up into shadowed golden eyes. "Since the Great War," The king was holding his mother the young _Pad'richey_ realized. "And in four hours our planet will be nothing but dust."

"Butâ€| the preparationsâ€""

The king looked away, eyes flickering over his people, running about frantically, building. "They will never be done on time. We simply cannot move that fast."

"Soâ€"so that's it?" He cried, voice shrill. "We're all going to _die_ and you decided that you'll make me a _Miin'yon_ in my last hours?"

"No," the queen whispered and she dodged a few scientists holding a ball of blue metal. "Not all of us, Ebulli. Two will live."

For a second, he was confused. Then, his eyes widened. "_Two_? But what about my sister? My father? _You_? Build a space shipâ€"" but with the time that they had, he knew it was impossible. "Why _me_?" He whispered, gazing down at the floor tiles passing beneath him and realized, absently, that they had been moving.

"You are young," The queen answered, "you know our culture and our customs. You move about on land like you are in the water. You care deeply for your sister." They stopped in a room, devoid of noise that had machines hooked up along the walls with a rounded bed in the center of everything. "That is why, Ebulli'dentuâ€"because you are

both a guardian, a friend and a brother."

He sighed and nodded, the neon antennas on his head drooping slightly. "Then what must I do?"

The king and queen traded glances. "You will be taught through mental communication. It will be years of information learned in two hours. We will be building the rocket in that time but your mother will be with you."

"What will I learn?"

"The language, customs and geography of the planet you will be going to. They call it Earth."

He blinked. "Eaaaarth," he tried and blushed when they chuckled.

"Their language is a bitâ€| different than ours." The queen giggled and set him down on the bed.

"Yeah," He rolled his eyes. "Just a bit."

They laughed again before the queen sat beside him, legs over the edge. "Now, you just need to close your eyes," he obeyed, "and you'll be asleep in fiveâ€| fourâ€| her voice was starting to sound hypnotic, but he couldn't open his eyes. He was too sleepy. "Threeâ€| twoâ€| oneâ€|"

Everything faded away to nothing.

There was silence.

His eyes blinked open, foggy and slightly grey, not comprehending.

"Ebulli?" A voice was talking beside him, everywhere and nowhere at once. "Ebulli? Can you hear me?"

"Mother?"

There was a sigh of relief. "Oh, thank goodness."

Then, everything flooded back.

A siren. A siren was blaring, lights flashed red. The ground was shaking, metal was falling off the walls.

"Mother!"

"You've been asleep for three and a half hours, son," She told him, nudging his ball with her own. "It's almost time."

He started shaking.

"Ebulli?"

He looked up into the bright green eyes of the queen.

"Are you ready?"

The room shook violently, but he was calm. His duty before him. "Yes, your majesty."

She smiled. "The world is ending, Ebulli. Please, call me Amuria."

"Yes, Amuria." His ball was in her hands, suddenly, and they were moving.

"The pod was finished a few minutes ago, the coordinates set for earth. You will be placed inside with my son, Bonumviri." She dodged a slab of the ceiling with nimble ease that most envied. The ground shook and she stumbled, almost tumbling to the ground before strong hands caught them both and they saw the king frowning down at them in worry.

He gently lifted both of them back up before taking the sphere in his own hands and the queen rushed off to a cradle resting to the side, untouched by the chaos. "Ebulli, Miin'yon, you have all of Cerelitum's eternal thanks," he whispered, settling the sphere down beside what the Pad'richey could only guess was the pod before meeting with his wife, taking the small blue baby from her and placing it in the ball shaped rocket. The queen grabbed him and they both watched the prince being set inside his small little space ship.

"Here is you're Miin'yon," the queen said, handing him over to the young prince. The small hands grasped the clear material and sharp teeth widened in a smile. "He will take care of you." Their eyes met for, what he knew, to be the last time.

"And here is your binky," The king murmured, handing the glowing, blue toy to the child even as the cover began to close. "You are destined forâ€" "

But their words were cut off as the glass sealed and, in the next second, they were shooting upwards into the sky. The Pad'richey was slightly squashed against the bottom before his body got used to the speed, but he didn't mind. Instead, his wide, brown eyes were on the slowly disappearing blue planet as it was sucked into the black mass of the giant monster in space.

The same monster that had both ruined and created his life. This new life.

"Goodbye," he whispered softly before the view was blocked by an asteroid field.

And he was glad, for once, that he was in a ball filled with water as a silver tear trickled from his eyeâ€!

And disappeared.

* * *

><p>When was the last time I posted anything on this site? Too long? Years? Decades? The Jurassic Period? (Yay! Dinosaurs!)</p>

Umâ€| I like this movie? Yeah... I've been official turned into a

DreamWorks fan. How to Train your Dragon and now this? This awesome bit of blue madness? So I've finally posted something that I've written about it.

Heh, the only finished piece that I have in my arsenal.

Not Betaed. Review if only to correct my mistakes. All the words you don't know were made up! review more if you want translations.

Happy reading, y'all

Grim Revolution

(Who is now revived and no longer dead.)

End
file.